

Certain CONSIDERATIONS

Against the
Vanities of this World, and The terrors of Death.

Written by Doctor John Hewit, and delivered to a Friend, a
little before his death on Tower Hill,

June the 8. 1658.

*Go Pale-faç'd Paper, tell the World that I,
Do die in Peace and perfect Charity.*

WH Y should Man fear to die,
alas, when he
That lives on earth this ne're from
trouble free?
Here's perfect Rest, and where
else can we rest,
Is not a man's own house, to sleep in best;
If this be all our House, they are to blame,
That boist of the great Houses whence they came,
And ever more their speech thus interlace,
I, and my Fathers House, alas! alas!
What is my Fathers House, and what am I?
My Fathers House is earth, where I must lie:
And I a worm, no man, that fit no room
Till like a worm, I crawl into my Tomb;
This is my dwelling, this my trust home,
A House of Clay, best fits a Guest of Home:
Nay 'tis my House, for I perceive I have
In all my life ne're dwelt out of my grave;
The womb was fit my grave, whence since I rose
My Body (Grave-like) doth my soul include:
The Body, like a Corps with sheets ore spred,
Dying each night, lies buried in our bed,
And when my days vain toyl, my soul hath wearied,
I, in my Body, Bed, and House, lie buried,
Then have I little cause to fear my Tomb,
When this, wherein I live, my Graves become,
Here I can sleep secure, here let the Temp'ry roar,
The world's proud waves can dash on me no more,
I am at home, and safe, what ever comes,
Let them fight on, I cannot hear their drums,
Let those I always lov'd, me love, or hate,
It cannot grieve me, though they prove ingrate,
Yea, let them praise, or rail, I lie aloof
Out of their reach, my sleep is Cannon-proof,
And we but sleep, for as we close our eyes,
Each night we go to bed, in hope to rise:
So do we die, for when the Trump doth blow,
We shall as fly awake we know:
And as we after sleep, our bodies find

More fresh in strength, and cheerfully inclin'd,
So after death, our flesh (here dead and dry'd)
Shall rise Immortal, new, and purif'd:
If this be true, my Friend's, pray make more haste,
Tis time to sleep, day fails, night draw's on fast:
I must go home; for, as the evening Sun
Looking me in the face, when day is done,
Makes me cast long my shadow: So when death
Starts in my face, threatens, and claims my breath,
I cast his shadow long off from my sight,
Yet truly know thereby, 'tis almost night.
And when night comes, in dark, & frowning skies,
What man will not go home, if he be wise:
Here let him come, this house is of such fashion,
The Tenant ne're shall pay for Reparation.
Here can the rain not wet me, cold not harm me,
Here no Sun, no weather over-warm me.
From hence Ile finde (when 'cother he is gone)
A private walk to heaven, to God alone.
This is my Port, this is my perfect cure,
Till my Grave covers me, I am ne're sure:
Then f'r well VVorld, thou Author of annoy,
And welcom heav'n, the sun of all my Joys.
What though too soon, a forced deat' I die,
I will force me live with God eternally?
My Faith, I hope, by most is understood
To gain Redemp'ion by my Saviours blood,
VVhich in my sou', I do so highly prize,
I pay, it Ransom all my enemies,
Which freely (for my death) I have forgiven,
As I do hope this day to be in heav'n.
Lay not my Head unto their charge, but let's
This Land with Peace and lasting Happiness,
Welcome keen AXE thou dost no Cowardry,
But cut'st my way unto Eternity.

*So let thy Servant depart in Peace, for mine
eyes have seen thy salvation.*

F I N I S.

So with much Constancy, and Resolution, he being Guarded to the Stafford on Tower-Hill: After a short
Exhortation, Prayers, and some other Speeches to his Friends, he willingly yielded himself to the stroke of the
Executioner, who at one blow, severed his Head from his Body.

LONDON, Printed by Edward Croxch dwelling Snow hill, in the year of our Lord, 1658. 32.